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THE  
Court-Prospect:  
A  
POEM.

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THE  
COURT-REPORTER

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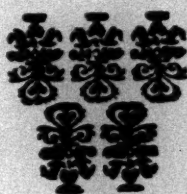


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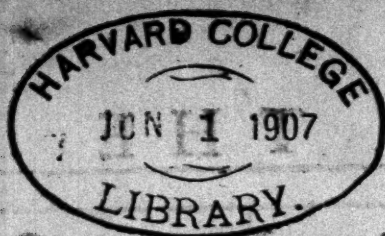
*By Mr. Charles Hopkins.*

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**TO  
HER GRACE**

**THE  
Dutcheſs of Ormond.**

**M A D A M,**

**T**hat Your Grace has been pleas'd to  
ſpeak favourably of what I have  
already Writ, is Encouragement  
ſufficient for a Poet to Boast of to  
the World, and to Embolden him to Dedi-  
cate to Your Grace. But I have more parti-  
cular ; both Obligations, and Excuses ;  
Your Illuſtrious Conſort's Family, having been  
the

### *Dedication.*

the constant Patrons of ours, which now depress'd by the late Wars, and the chief Pillar of it fal'n, must depend for Support on the first Founders. Thus the Thanks for past Favours are only Petitions for more ; as some Men pay off old Debts in hopes to run deeper in for new. I dare not hope the ensuing Essay can Merit Your Graces Approbation ; let it (if possible) please others ; if it meets with Your Pardon, it will abundantly satisfy the Ambition of

*Your GRACE's*

*Most Devoted, most Humble  
Servant,*

**CHARLES HOPKINS.**



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# TO THE READER.

**S**ome Writers perhaps may expect the Thanks, and Favour of the Nobility, after Attempting their Praise; but I am rather afraid of having incurr'd their Displeasure; They whom I have mention'd (I doubt) may with more reason find fault with me, than they whom I have omitted; for it is better not to be drawn at all, than to be drawn imperfectly, and lamely. The Poet however has the same Excuse with the Painter; That Art cannot equal Nature, nor the Pencil, nor the Pen, present a Copy that comes up to her Original.

The Business of a Poet is to Please; and he is very unhappy who gives Offence where he designs Acknowledgments, or Respects. The whole Body of the Nobility of England, would be a boundless

## To the Reader.

less Subject ; Painters own they find it more difficult to give a true and lively Air and Posture to a Picture ; to place the Legs, and duely proportion all the Parts ; than to draw the Face, and take the Likeness ; but this Piece was only intended for an Half-Length, and that too is only a Rough-Draught, and in Miniature. Though the following Lines may want an Excuse with the Criticks ; I will not despair of Pardon from the Nobles to whom it was designed ; and if I have fail'd in describing their Greatness, I have at the same time given them an Opportunity of shewing their Goodness.

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**THE**



(1)

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THE  
Court-Prospect:  
A  
POEM.

Above that Bridge, which lofty Turrets crown,  
Joining two Cities; of it self a Town.  
As far as fair *Augusta's* Buildings reach,  
Bent, like a Bow along a Peaceful Beach.

B

Her

*The Court-Prospect.*

Her Gilded Spires the Royal Palace show,  
 Tow'ring to Clouds, and fix'd in Floods below.  
 The Silver *Thames* washes her Sacred sides,  
 And pays her Prince her Tributary Tides.  
 Thither all Nations of the Earth resort,  
 Not only *England's* now, but *Europe's* Court.  
 Bless't in the Warriours which its Walls contain,  
 Bless't most in *William's* Residence, and Reign.  
 Where in his Royal Robes, and Regal State,  
 He meditates, and dictates *Europe's* Fate ;  
 His Heroes, and his Nobles standing round,  
 Better by them, than his Gold Circle Crown'd.  
 O ! could I represent that glorious show ;  
 You whose great Deeds from Poets tell me how.  
 But lest my Muse (which much I fear) should faint,  
 What *Dryden* will not Write, let *Dauhy* Paint.

Haste then, and spread abroad thy Canvass Sheets,  
 Wide as the full-blown Sails that wing our Fleets.  
 Paint *William* first on an Imperial Throne,  
 Large share of Earth, and all the Seas his own ;



## *The Court-Prospect.*

3

O're Land, and Ocean, let his Realms extend,  
And like his Fame, his Empire never end.  
Give him that Look, which Monarchs ought to have,  
Give him that Awful Look, which Nature gave.  
Mix Majesty with Mildness, while he shows  
Dear to his Friends, and dreadful to his Foes.  
Seat him surrounded by his *Brittish* Peers,  
And make them seem his Strength, as he is theirs.  
No Poet here dares sing the noble Tribe,  
Which you can draw, better than he describe.  
You can plant each in his peculiar place,  
Give each the noblest Features in his Face,  
Each has his Charms, and all some certain Grace.

Let *England's* Chancellour the foremost stand,  
That is his due, whose Laws support the Land;  
Who governs, influenc'd by his Sovereign Lord,  
And holds the Balance, as the King the Sword.

Give the Good *Shreamsbury* the second Seat  
In Trust, in Secrecy, and Council, great.

*The Court-Prospect.*

Great as the best, will the Great *Ormond* seem;  
But in the Field, thou must delineare him;  
Born with auspicious Stars, and happy Fate,  
But more in Merit, than in Fortune, Great.  
On higher things he bends his Nobler Aim,  
And in fierce Wars, has sought, and purchas'd Fame.

Here; could my grateful willing Muse have sung,  
Sweet as *Cham* flows, where first her Harp was strung.  
Here, *Somerset*, should She thy Praise proclaim,  
And give thee, what thou giv'st our *Cambridge*; Fame.

Let youthful *Grafton* there his Station find,  
Grown Man in Body now, but more in Mind.  
His Looks are in the Mother's Beauty drest,  
And all the Father has inform'd his Breast.  
Why wilt thou then to distant Shores convey  
Our hopes in thee? Why trust the faithless Sea?  
Why view the Changing Climares of the Earth,  
And bless all Realms but that which gave thee Birth?  
Thy Country, lovely Youth, thy Stay demands,  
And fears to venture thee in Foreign Lands ;

All



## *The Court-Prospect.*

5

All thou hast seen, and all thou goest to see,  
Will not improve, but be improv'd in Thee.

A Manly Beauty is in *Dev'nshire* seen,  
And true Nobility in *Dorset's* Mien.  
But here, great Artist, is thy Skill confin'd,  
Thou canst not Paint his Nobler Muse, and Mind.  
No Pen, the Praise He merits can indite;  
Himself, to represent Himself, must write.

Next let young *Burlington* receive his place;  
Adorn'd with every Beauty, every Grace.  
Happy in Fortune, Person, and in Parts,  
Himself, not wanting them; promoting Arts.

With him let *Kingston* be for ever join'd,  
Alike in Quality, alike in Mind.  
For Court, or Camp, for Love, or Glory fit,  
Possessing both, both Patronizing Wit.

Hitherto

*The Court-Prospect.*

Hither, Let *Montague* the Treasures bring,  
 Which while He offers; Let his Muses Sing.  
 The Patron of the rest so justly grown,  
 Who serv'd so well a Nation with his own.  
 Who seated on the Sacred Mountain's brow,  
 Inspires, and cherishes the train below.

Draw *Russel* yonder, order'd to maintain,  
 The Power and Honour of the *Brittish* Main.  
 Wrap him in curling Smoak, and circling Flames,  
 Yet unconcern'd, as on his Sovereign's *Thames*.  
 While his loud Canon thunders thro' the deep,  
 Make Seas attention give, and silence keep.  
 Then as he Coasts the *Mauritanian* Shores,  
 Paint pale the Faces of th' astonish'd *Moors*.  
 Whence *England* gives surrounding Nations Law,  
 And from the Centre keeps the World in awe.

No more let Poets name inconstant Seas,  
 For *Neptune* knows his Sovereign, and obey's.  
 Fled from that fatal Field, the watry Plain,  
 No Foe dares venture there, our Force again.

Force



## *The Court-Prospect.*

7

Fierce *Gallia* challenges to *Belgian* Fields;  
But still her chosen Plain small Harvest yields.

The Warlike *Cutts* the welcome tidings brings,  
The true brave Servant of the best of King's.  
*Cutts*, whose known Worth no Herauld need Proclaim;  
His Wounds, and His own Verse can speak his Fame.

The dreadful News mov's *WILLIAM* with delight,  
Gladly He hears, and Gladly hastes to Fight.  
Leaving His Faithful Substitutes behind,  
He trusts Himself to His own Seas, and Wind.  
The Royal Fleet a Thousand Heroe's Grace,  
And *Mars* in Triumph Rides o're *Neptunes* Face.  
Now out of sight of Land, they plow the Main,  
And in some rowling Tides make Land again.  
Now sight of hostile Tents their Valour warms,  
And such encourages his Mate to Arms.  
Fancy can scarce, so swift and eager Run,  
Their Lines are drawn, and the Camp-work is done,  
The Word is giv'n, and Battle is begun.

They

*The Court-Prospect.*

They who have seen an Ocean lash its Shore,  
 When Billows tumble, and begin to roar.  
 When from all Quarters, Clouds, and Tempests fly,  
 And from despairing Sailours hide the Sky;  
 Such as have seen those Elements at War,  
 May guess what well-disputed Battles are.

*Description of a Battle.*

Hark ! 'tis at hand, Drums Beat, and Trumpets Sound,  
 The Horsemen mount, the mounted Horses bound;  
 The Souldiers leap transported from the Ground.  
 When such Harmonious Sounds invite to Arms,  
 'Tis sure that Valiant Men feel secret Charms.  
 Such *WILLIAM*'s is, when from his foaming Horse  
 He views the Foe, rejoycing at their Force.  
 Never so full of Spirit, and Delight,  
 Never so pleas'd, as when prepar'd to Fight.  
 Paint him then yonder spurring from afar,  
 Giving the Charge, guiding the Raging War.

Paint



Paint to the Field, Party on Party sent;  
Himself not waiting for the vast Event.  
Now, mingled in the War engage the whole,  
And of his Martial Troops make him the Soul.

Now, from all parts, Death and Destruction fly,  
The Cries of grappling Squadrons rend the Sky,  
*Mars* rages, and the rolling War runs high,  
Here, Horses rear at Horses, Chest to Chest,  
There, desperate Man encounters, Breast to Breast.  
Here, trampled under foot, fal'n Souldiers groan,  
For help they call, but with unpitied moan,  
For every one now minds himself alone.  
The Cannons roar, and flaming Balls fly round,  
Men fall, and dye, and hardly feel the Wound.  
Stones from the Ground that nourish'd them are tost,  
And all the fashion of the Field is lost.  
Mortars shoot flaming Meteors thro' the Air,  
And such as have not seen them fly, would fear  
The Stars dissolv'd, and the last Judgment near.  
Death thro' the broken Battle makes a Lane,  
And Horrour and Confusion fill the Plain.

*The Court-Prospect.*

Horses in Troops without their Riders run,  
 Wild as were those of old that drew the Sun:  
 Madly they drag their Reins, and champ their Bit,  
 And bear down all before them whom they meet;  
*Sols* Offspring, and their Masters Fate, the same,  
 All lost, like him, in Thunder, Smoke and Flame.

As Seamen fear, yet struggle with a Storm,  
 The Souldiers fear, at what themselves perform.  
 Paint then a Fear in every Face, and make  
 Even *William* fear; — but fear for *Ormond's* sake:  
*Ormond* who spur'd amidst the Thundring War,  
 But to his Sovereign's Sorrow spur'd too far.  
 Dismounted; make him ev'n in falling great,  
 Wounded, half dying, yet despising Fate,  
 Make *WILLIAM* view him with excess of Grief,  
 And strive, but strive in vain to send Relief.  
 Till Heav'n inspires his very Foes to save  
 A Life, as strangely Fortunate, as Brave.  
 Who for that Life, may to more Praise aspire,  
 Than if the day had been their own inire.

Proud



Proud of their Prize, more furious than before,  
Make them press on ; make *English* Fury more  
Make shatter'd Squadrons rally on the Plain ;  
And make enrag'd Battalions charge again.  
Again, make Horses beat the suffering Ground,  
And toss with restless Hoofs the Dust around.  
Again, their Riders couch their ready Lance,  
And spurring them to warmth and foam advance ;  
Foam, which your Pencil need not owe to chance.  
Make Sheets of Flame from smoking Culverins fly,  
And Clouds of mounting Smoak obscure the Sky.  
Now draw beneath the Dying, and the Dead,  
And Deluges of Blood in Battle shed,  
O'reflowing *Flanders* in her Waters dead.  
And now let Clouds like feeble Curtains fall,  
Protecting those that live, and hiding all.  
Cast the black Veil of Night above the Slain,  
Covering the purple Horror of the Plain,  
And now, with solid darkness, shut the Scene.

As Tempests make the Skies serene, and clear,  
 As Thunder serves to purifie the Air.  
 On Rain as Sunshine, Storms on Calms attend,  
 Peace is War's necessary certain end.

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*Description of the Goddess of Peace and her  
 Palace.*

**P**ardon the Muse if here she cannot hold;  
 The sight of her own Goddess makes her bold.  
 She comes———o're Fields of standing Corn she walks,  
 Not crush'd the tender Ears, nor beat the Stalks.  
 Her march attended with a numerous Train,  
 Yet with such Discipline that none complain.  
 Grass springs where e're she goes; The flow'ry Mead  
 Receives new Flow'rs, where she vouchsafes to tread.  
 Her blooming Beauties, teeming Earth displays,  
 The Lovers Myrtle, and the Poets Bayes,  
 From every touch of her a Perfume flows,  
 The lovely Hyacinth, the blushing Rose,  
 And spreading Jessamin fresh sweets disclose.

}  
 Thick



Thick Palaces, as she approaches, rise,  
And Royal Piles amaze beholders Eyes.  
Built on a sudden, they the sight Confound,  
And seem to start as from enchanted Ground.  
None, this or that can her Apartment call,  
For she promisc'ously resides in all.  
At Home in every one, and all she keeps  
Silent, but Splendider than than that of Sleeps.

Her spacious Halls with uselefs arms are hung,  
With Arrows Broken, and with Bows unstrung.  
No Murmurs thro' her numerous Train are heard,  
She know's no Danger, and her Court no Gaurd.  
Secure as Shades, as Skies unclouded, bright,  
As Active, yet as noiselefs as the Light.  
No Widows here their Husbands Deaths deplore,  
None hears the Drum, or thundring Cannon Roar.  
Only Love sighs, which serves to Lull her more.  
Plenty her best-lov'd Favourite duly waits,  
And Pleasure enters at her Palace Gates;  
Roses, and Myrtles mingled, make her Bed,  
And heaps of Flow'rs support her sacred Head.

Inspir'd

Inspir'd by her, the Muse around her sings,  
 And *Cupids* Fan her with expanded Wings.  
 No Grief or anxious Cares her Peace molest,  
 She folds her Arms above her quiet breast,  
 Delightful are her Dreams, and soft her rest.  
 All at her rise, their Adoration pay,  
 The *Persians* worship less the springing Day.  
 Sweet is her Temper, easie is her Mien,  
 Not the least Frown in all her aspect seen,  
 But gracious as our late lamented Queen.  
 Nor are her Blessings to her Court confin'd,  
 But flow thro' Nobles to the lab'ring Hind.  
 All they can wish her own Domekicks share,  
 Bestowing still, yet has she still to Spare.  
 The grateful Soil the jocund Peasants Plow,  
 And with a certainty of Reaping Sow.  
 Not now, as heretofore with Fears perplex,  
 Tilling these Fields, and Armies in the next.

Now Spring comes on ; ———  
 And Night and Day in equal measures Run,  
 And mounting Larks salute the morning Sun.

Then



## *The Court-Prospect.*

15

Then rip'ning Fruits the Loaded Trees adorn,  
And laughing Fields are Crown'd with lofty Corn.  
The Summer so accustom'd to alarms,  
Wonders, she hears no more the Sounds of Arms.  
No Trumpets Eccho thro' the spacious Plain,  
Nor Earth-born Beetlins by themselves are slain.  
The Sun shines freely thro' the Elow'ry Field,  
And suffers no Reflexion from the Shield.  
Men, to the Date of Nature draw their Breath,  
For nothing now, but Sickness, causes Death,  
Secure the Merchants Trade abroad for gain,  
And Sailors unmolested sweep the Main.  
Unrowling Waves steal softly to the Shore,  
They know their Sovereign, and they fear to roar.  
The conscious Winds within their Caverns keep,  
Like them, the Seas are hush'd, and seem asleep,  
And Halcyon Peace broods o'er the boundless Deep.

How are these Blessings thus dispens'd and giv'n?  
To us from *WILLIAM*, and to him from Heav'n.

Delight

*The Court-Prospect.*

Delight in Blood, let other Heroes boast;  
 Our Ease and Safety please our Monarch most.  
 For that He Fought, for that was all His Care,  
 He places all his Pomp and Glory there.

Hail! Peace of all things in confusion hurl'd,  
 Hail! thou Restorer of the Christian World.  
 Thou, to the World, art Heav'n's chief Blessing giv'n,  
 And thou hast render'd back the World to Heav'n.  
 Thus in old times, at our Bless'd Saviour's Birth,  
 An universal Calm was known on Earth.  
 GOD to his SON did the first Gift assign,  
 And lets the second Miracle, be Thine.

How shall we thank Thee for Thy Royal Toil,  
 Thou! Strength, and Glory of the *Brittish* Isle.  
 What Trophies shall thy Grateful Subjects raise?  
 And what Ambitious Poets sing thy Praise?  
 Thy Greatness surely is the Stars Design,  
 Thy Hands, our Noblest Palaces refine,  
 On all our Metals, all the Stamp is Thine.



Draw His Triumphant Entry, *Danly*, draw  
Him and His Allies Free——  
And all the rest of the whole World in Awe.

But see! all Peaceable our Heroe comes,  
No Sound of Trumpet, nor Alarm of Drums.  
Long kept from Rest, by no inglorious Foes;  
He goes to take, what he has brought, Repose.  
His Softer Triumphs then prepare to Grace,  
Prepare a Train fit to attend on Peace.  
Choose them from all that breath the *Brittish* Air,  
And, like the Goddess whom they wait on, fair.

Make Beauteous *Grafton* with the first Advance,  
Charming at every Step, with every Glance.  
Sweet as her Temper, Paint her Heavenly Face;  
Draw her but like, you give your Piece a Grace.  
Blend for her all the Beauties e're you knew,  
For so his *Venus* fam'd *Apelles* drew.  
But hold——to make her most Divinely Fair,  
Consult her self, you'll find all Beauty there.

D

Whom

Whom shall we think on now? there's scarce beside  
 Any that can compare with her, but *Hide*.  
*Hide*, who like her has Beauties without blame,  
*Hide*, who like her is every Poet's Theme.  
*Hide*, by all Eyes admir'd, all Hearts ador'd,  
 Courteous to all, Kind only to her Lord.  
*Hide*, who so many powerful Charms commands,  
 As will not shame the Piece where *Grafton* stands.

And now, to make thy lasting Fame renown'd,  
 Let all be with Illustrious *Ormond* crown'd.  
 Sum all in Her, that's fair, and good, and great,  
 Place her in Beauty's, and in Vertue's Seat.  
 Paint Sweetness in her Eyes, at once, and Awe,  
 And make her Looks give Languishing, and Law.  
 O! if my Muse to her wish'd height could climb,  
 Sweet as her Subject, as her Theme, sublime:  
 The Noble *Ormond*, should engross her Praise,  
 Great *Ormond*'s Name should sanctifie her Layes.  
 Hers, and her most illustrious Consorts Blood,—  
 Takes pleasure still like Heav'n in doing Good.



*Ormond*, to whom fair Lots on Earth are giv'n,  
*Ormond*, who has her Seat secur'd in Heav'n.

Stop here—— tho' others may attract the Sight,  
Your Pencil, and my Pen——  
Dare not attempt to do so many right.  
Who strives to Sing a Patron or a Friend,  
Tho' he omit some whom he should commend,  
Cannot be thought in justice to offend——  
And now you've finish'd so renown'd a Piece,  
Boast safely——challenge either *Rome*, or *Greece*.

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F I N I S.